


Poetry

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Mark

"each day he pulls closer to the ground"

by *Hugh Findlay*



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Photo by Pixabay: Pexels.com

my friend Mark is

frail and worn from his

human years

each day he pulls

closer to

the ground—

if a sparrow were to

alight on

his shoulder

he'd lie down and

subsume the weight of

its soaring days,

its starry nights,

the very song

inside him

leaving its infinite mark

and chirp of

winged sighs

Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide.

Nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry, he is in the third trimester of life and hopes y'all like his stuff. Instagram: @hughmanfindlay

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


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